

15p10m133

Childhood's Estate

4 other Rooms.

To Mothers, who doubtless ponder
deep things in their hearts. This little
Book is respectfully inscribed.

Preface.

It appears to the Writer that the general tendency of religious thought has been to obscure the light of Divine Teaching ^{that} ~~which~~ falls upon the peculiar estate of Childhood, - to deprecate that which Christ has exalted; an error which has a mischievous affect upon education; & also tends to dull the apprehension of grown-up people to certain Teachings as to their own condition.

The following Verses attempt to bring out a point here & there of that luminous Teaching, without venturing to deal with the subject in a systematic way.

The 'verse' form has been adopted for the sake of brevity; & also because it is more apt for the expression of tentative theories of life than "premeditated Prose".

May the Writer venture to vindicate this function of Verses which does not appear to be of the nature of Poetry!

C. M. H.

Part I.

In the Kingdom.

"Come the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

That his teaching might be clear upon this great subject, & as though the Lord had foreseen that "one of these little ones" would be taken to mean something else than a little natural child like any in the streets of Jerusalem, -

"Jesus called a little child unto him & set him in the midst of them, & said,

"Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted & become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Whoever therefore shall humbly himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

"These little ones which believe in Me.

"Who so shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, & that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

"Suffer little children, & forbid them not, to come unto me; for such is the Kingdom of heaven."
Offend not; despise not; hinder not; herein is the whole pedagogy.

Unto us a Child is born -

All his rest is on her arm;
 She, his only shield from harm;
 She doth his sole meat supply;
 All his joy is in her eye.

Helpless, that is not his care;
 A burden, she is strong to bear;
 Fragile, will not she grieve and?
 Caring - soft her love shall tend.

Jesus, Saviour, Son of man,
 Who camest, Infant of a span;
 Was Mary thy one Mother mild?
 Or art Thou ever born a Child? -

My trembling heart doth in one burn;
 There, perchance, shall I discern,
 Tho' the stalt be all defiled,
 The tender form of Christ, the Child.

Is there One, a little One,
 Who lieth sweetly as a Son,
 All his meat, the Father's grace,
 All his joy, the Father's face;
 Seeing not his feeble state,
 Fearing not the ills that wait,
 Safe, nor asking why, nor how -
 Jesus, then, not I, but Thou!

Other fearsome inmates there,
 Evil dragons, giant care;
 Hope, joyous, see them led in thrall,
 This "little One" shall rule them all!

Charlotte E. Mason

Motherhood.

MS. B. 1. 33

A grove where birds, exulting in their joy
They scarce can fly, do sit & sing, & sing,
Loeb'ing & throbbing to tell out the whole,
O Mother, is my heart! Now is the joy
That my bliss comes to many, for the world
Is full of mothers; - and again, Ours I
Am blessed amongst women! No, not one,
Not even thou, my Mother, comprehend it!
Ours Heaven were drained were many cups of life!

Thy joy may run for aye or it exceed
The measure of thy treasure;
Thou hast gotten a Son from the Lord.

Therein the grace, the glory! I put the babe
Apart & say, A sinful woman, I.
O Lord! and thou, mine, reverent, the well hand
Of him who knows the Father more than I.
But not in outer darkness, of my Babe.
Am I, his Mother, left: strangely brought in,
(Is it of grace to him?) th' abounding life
Of the Kingdom breaks on me; an infinite
Of love, sweet, & joy, & Father's care;
While, Holiness to th' Lord, is on the brow
Of every thought that enters.